

Charlotte Church, Barcarolle

Night of stars, and night of love,
Fall gently o'er the waters,
Heav'n around below, above,
No more we'll heed the shore!
Floating thus in silver light,
Sing on! Oh earth's fair daughters
Love had ne'er an hour so bright,
In fabled days of yore.
The cadenc'd oar will rhyme
To the measure we sing,
Till even charmed Time,

Fold a moment his wing.
Wander on!
Till the dawn! Ah!
Night of stars, and night of love,
Fall gently o'er the waters,
Heave'n around below, above,
No more we'll heed the shore.
Night of stars and of love,
Ah! Gently fall o'er the waters
Heave'n around below, above!
Ah! Ah!